

★★FRIENDS & LOVERS RUNOFF—10 PAGES OF FINALISTS★★

YOUR NAKED NEIGHBORS

Genesis^{CC}

CELEBRATING THE GOOD LIFE

JUNE \$3.25

**TODAY'S WOMEN
WANT IT HARD,
OFTEN, ON CUE**

**KATE CAPSHAW:
SEXY STAR
OF RAIDERS II**

**SURPRISE SEX:
IN PRAISE
OF QUICKIES**

**CARS DETROIT'S
SCARED TO BUILD**

PEEL OFF BEFORE OPENING



**X-RATED
SUZIE SUPERSTAR**

Genesis

CELEBRATING THE GOOD LIFE

JUNE, 1984



They're sexually demanding, these 1980s women. But if you can meet their demands, they'll break down your door to get at you. . . . If you like sex, and if you like surprises, the combination is unbeatable. . . . Three's a crowd, unless the "crowd" is you, a beautiful nude girl, and a camera.

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65

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We've selected the hottest, most beautiful, and most popular girls featured in past issues of GENESIS and put them all together in one spectacular special issue. No articles, no ads, just GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS. Pick up a copy of the new June, 1984, GIRLS / GIRLS and get more of what you're looking for. At your newsstand now. Or fill out the order form, and we'll rush you your copy.

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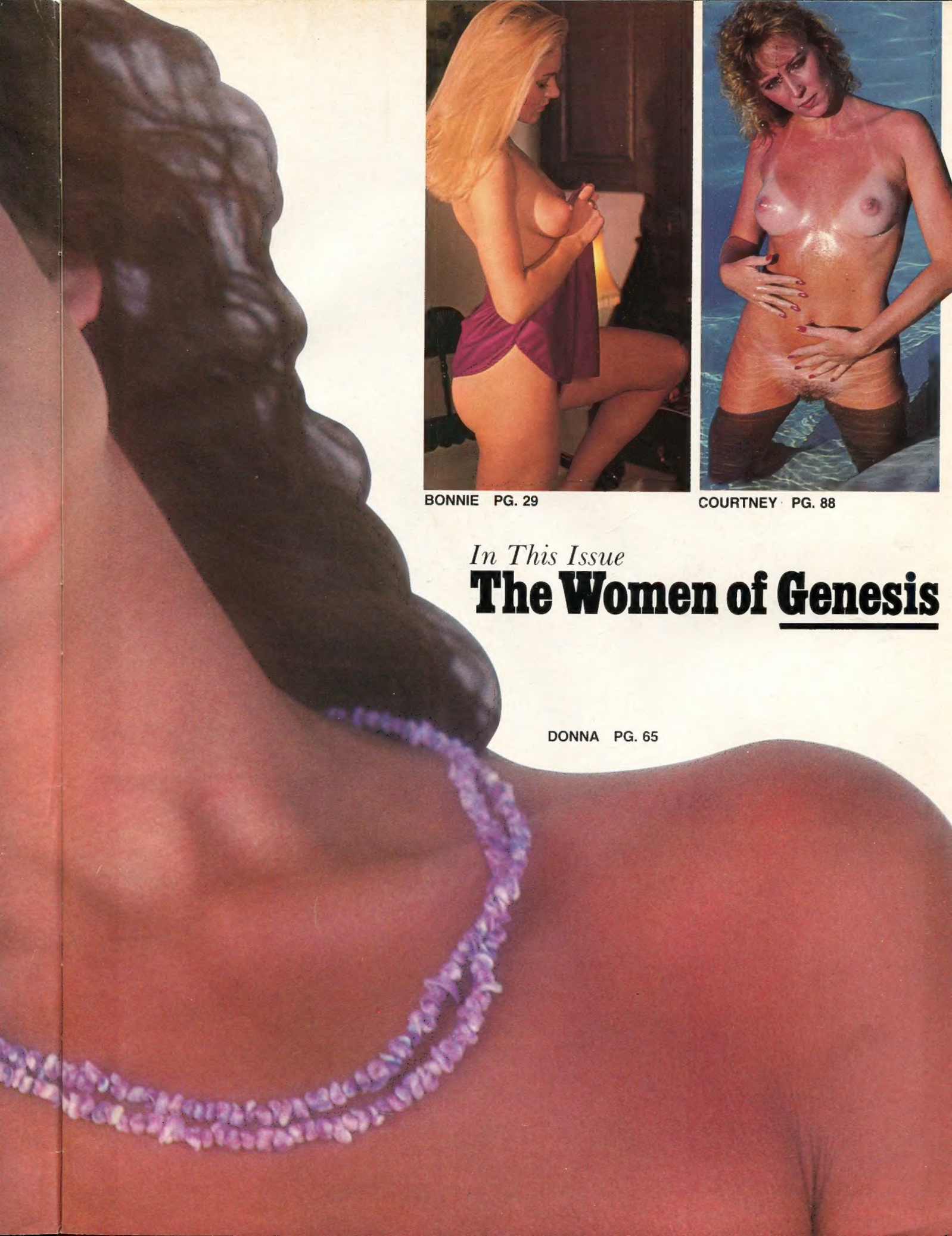
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G-64



MINDY PG. 49





BONNIE PG. 29

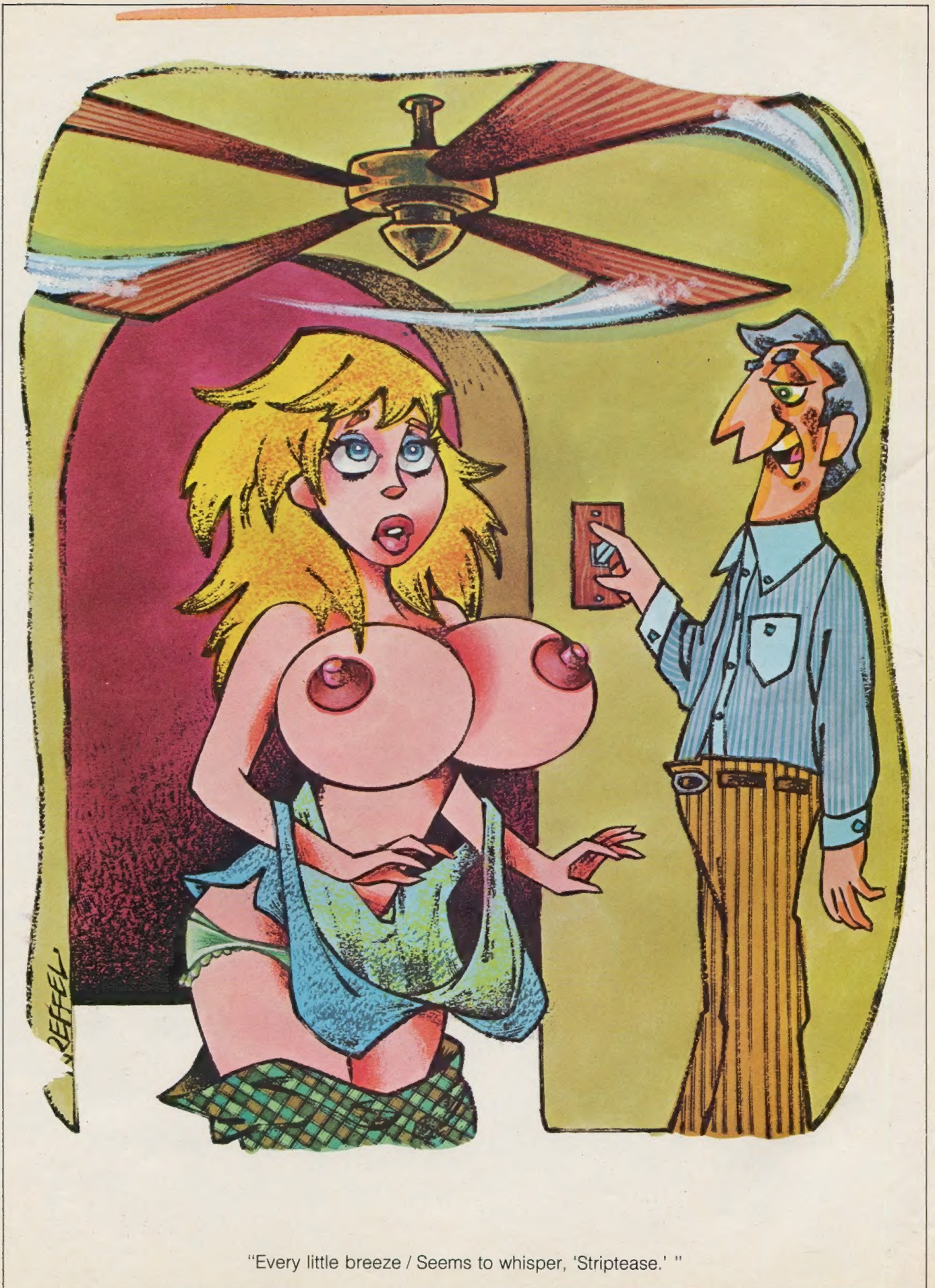


COURTNEY PG. 88

In This Issue

The Women of Genesis

DONNA PG. 65



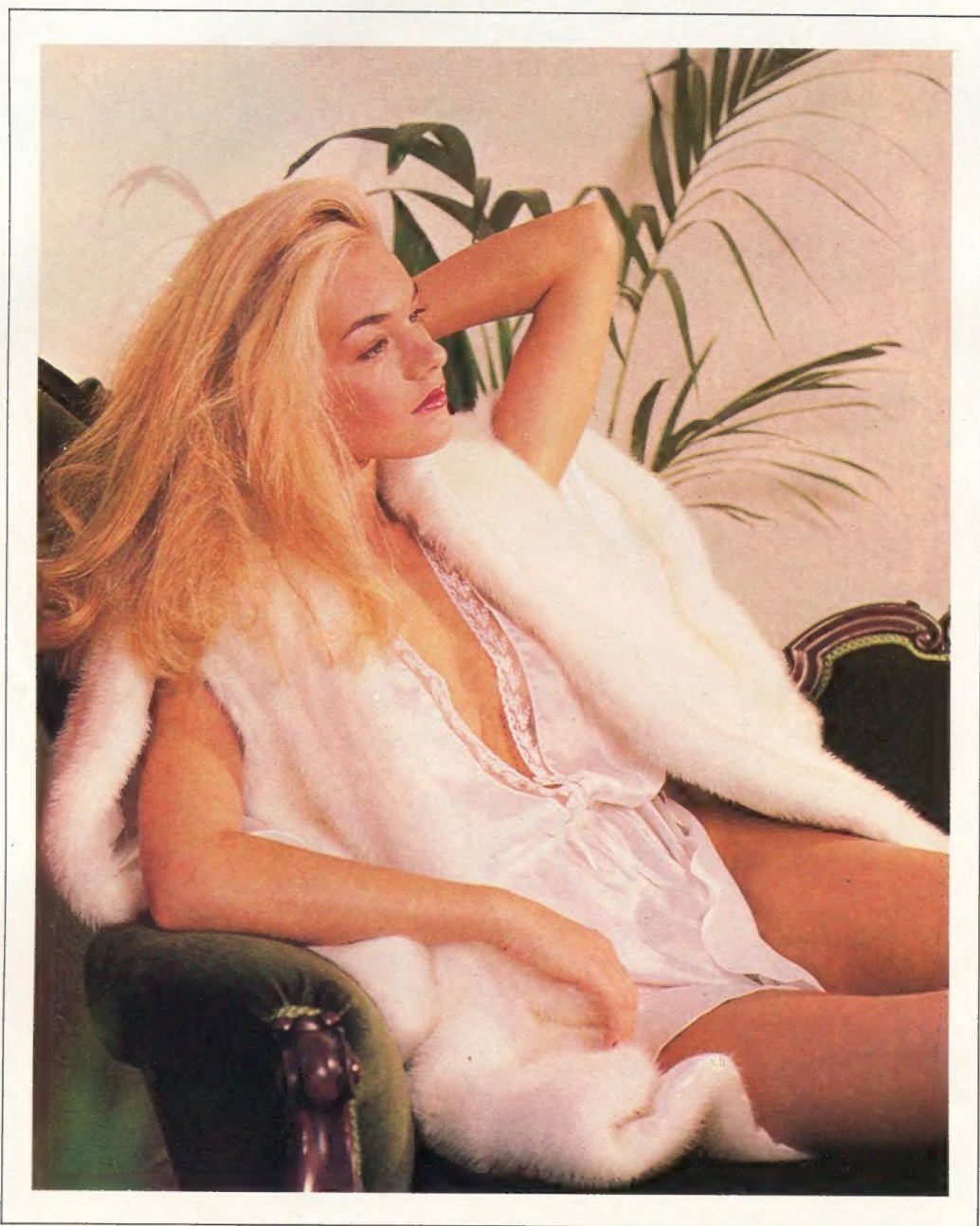
"Every little breeze / Seems to whisper, 'Striptease.' "



BONNIE

Bonnie likes to sleep. And sleep, and sleep. "I need ten hours of sleep, or I'm just exhausted the next day. I can also fall asleep in a couple of seconds—just like *that*. It's really a great thing to be able to take those little catnaps on the job and wake up refreshed and ready for anything." Some people do need more than the usual eight hours of sleep, and Bonnie is one of them. But she makes up for her unusual number of hours in bed and her catnaps at work by being extra-energetic when she's awake. "I wear people out on the job; they can't seem to keep up with me. I walk fast, talk fast, make fast decisions, and do things on the spur of the moment. It's demanding."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER



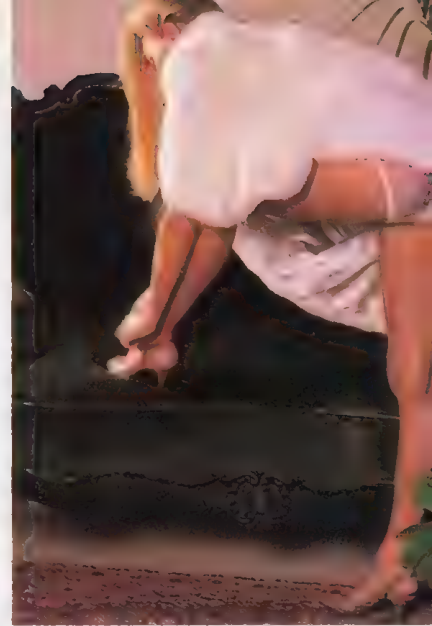
Bonnie can get away with her catnapping on the job, because she's the boss. "I run a mail-order boutique—sexy undies. You know, nighties, bras, panties, and those erotic garter belts and things that men seem to like so much. I'm wearing the things we sell. See?"



We saw. Bonnie is her own best advertisement for her sexy undies. But we wanted Bonnie to talk more about her rather offbeat sleeping habits, and she was only too happy to oblige.



"Well, I think my energy level causes more problems than my sleeping habits. Like, when I'm in bed for purposes other than sleeping, I tend to tire a man out. I can go for a long time without sleep when I'm at a high level of energy."





We suggested that Bonnie seek out men with her own type of sleeping habit—and high energy level. "Oh, I do. And then it's



great. We can just make love for hours and hours and never get tired. And then we'll sleep for hours and hours, wake up and start over again



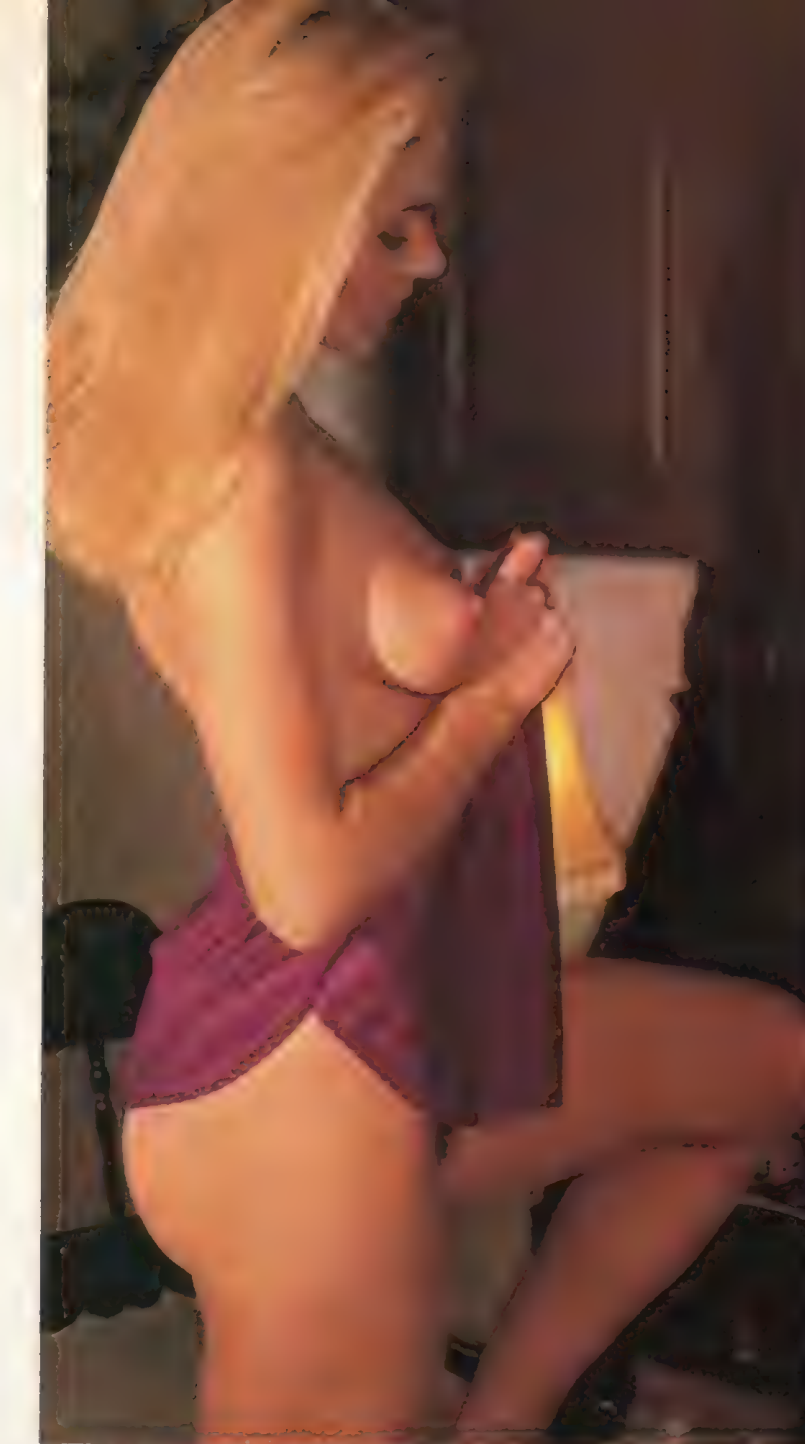


But Bonnie has something of a problem meeting *any* type of man, because of the nature of her business. "Most of the people who work for me are women—men feel a bit strange handling frilly undies unless a beautiful woman's wearing them."

But business is good. And she enjoyed posing for us, just as a lark. But she dozed off a couple of times, since modeling can be tiring. "I needed just a little catnap," she explained. Then it was high-energy time again.







BONNIE PG. 29



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MINDY PG. 49



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jokes

JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKES JOKES

Cleo the feminist went into a diner and ordered a burger and a cherry Coke.

"Burger and a virgin Coke!" the counterwoman shouted to the short-order cook.

Outraged, Cleo said, "Male chauvinist pig! Make that a *plain* Coke."

"Fuck the Coke!" the counterwoman shouted. —Contributed by Mario Santini
Boston, Massachusetts

Lenny was fed up with the cockteasing girl he was dating, so one night he drove her ten miles from home, stopped at a secluded spot, and said, "Fuck or walk." She refused to fuck, got out of the car, and walked home.

Next night, Lenny drove her *twenty* miles from home, stopped at a secluded spot, and said, "Fuck or walk." Damned if she didn't get out of the car and hike all that way home.

A couple of nights later, Lenny took her *fifty* miles from home and made his demand. This time, she gave in, and Lenny got the wildest fuck of his life.

Later, as he sat in the car, smoking, Lenny said, "Now, weren't you foolish to do all that walking?"

"Well," the footsore girl said, "I didn't mind walking ten miles, and I didn't mind walking twenty miles, but damned if I'll walk fifty miles to keep even a guy I like from catching the clap."

—Mick Lazar
Sioux City, Iowa

Insane with lust, a poor devil sneaked into a sheikh's harem but was caught before he could score. The punishment for such an outrageous act was severe. Next morning, the foolish criminal was buried up to his neck in sand in the castle's recreation yard. Then a huge bull was prodded with spears and tormented into a fury. Set free in the yard, the beast spotted the criminal's head protruding from the sand.

From a balcony, the sheikh watched this entertainment, delighted, as the angered bull lowered his head and charged. But the bull's horns missed the criminal's head. And the desperate man was able to bite the bull sharply on the

animal's balls, whereupon the sheikh shouted, "No! Fight fair! Fight fair!"

—Alan Trommer
Amarillo, Texas

Two transsexuals got married, and after the ceremony the guests threw converted rice.

One morning, a seventy-year-old man woke up feeling like an eighteen-year-old. Unfortunately, he couldn't convince one to go to bed with him. —Bill Zabriski
Buffalo, New York

And why don't nymphomaniacs bother to vote?

Because they don't care who gets in.

Definition of a beauty contest: A competition in which young women are judged on appearance, charm, poise, and talent. The winner is the one with the biggest tits.

A big, tough dude checked into a motel one night and told the timid owner to send a hooker to his room, or else.

The owner told his wife about the demand, and she said, "Well, go to his room and insist that he leave."

"But . . . but he paid for the night, and he's a great big guy and . . ."

"Never mind, you wimp. I'll go and tell him to get out," said the woman, and she headed straight for the tough dude's room.

The guests in the next room heard shouts, squeals, moans, and gasps for a time; then there was silence for the rest of the night.

Next morning, the tough dude went to the motel office, dropped the room key on the counter, and said to the owner, "That was a wild bitch you sent over last night. But I love a chick who puts up a fight. Thanks."

—Herb Langhorn
Louisville, Kentucky

Graffiti in the men's room of a gay bar: "I'm gorgeous, have blond hair, blue eyes, good build, and am ten inches long."

"Terrific. But how big is your cock?"

And then there's the girl who is so inhibited that she eats bananas sideways.

The little boy pointed to the two dogs fucking in the street and asked his father what they were doing. The embarrassed dad said, "Well, the doggy in back has sore front paws, and the doggy in front is helping him home."

"Just like people," said the kid. "Help someone, and they screw you."

Tom Williamson
Topeka, Kansas

I'm exhausted," said one secretary to another as they took the elevator up to their office. "I didn't get to sleep until after four."

"Gee, you *must* be tired. All I ever need is two."

—Sid Haines
New York City

Two gangsters were talking shop. One said, "Didja hear about the new Mafia chief on the Coast?"

"Yeah. He's gay. When he gives you the kiss of death, it includes dinner and dancing."

—Karissa Leslie
Security, Colorado

Sam's wife found out he was sleeping with another woman, and one night she confronted him with her discovery and insisted that he tell her who the "other woman" was, shouting, "Which home-wrecking neighborhood bitch is it? Linda Ross?"

"No."

"Jennifer Kovak?"

"No."

"Cynthia Greene?"

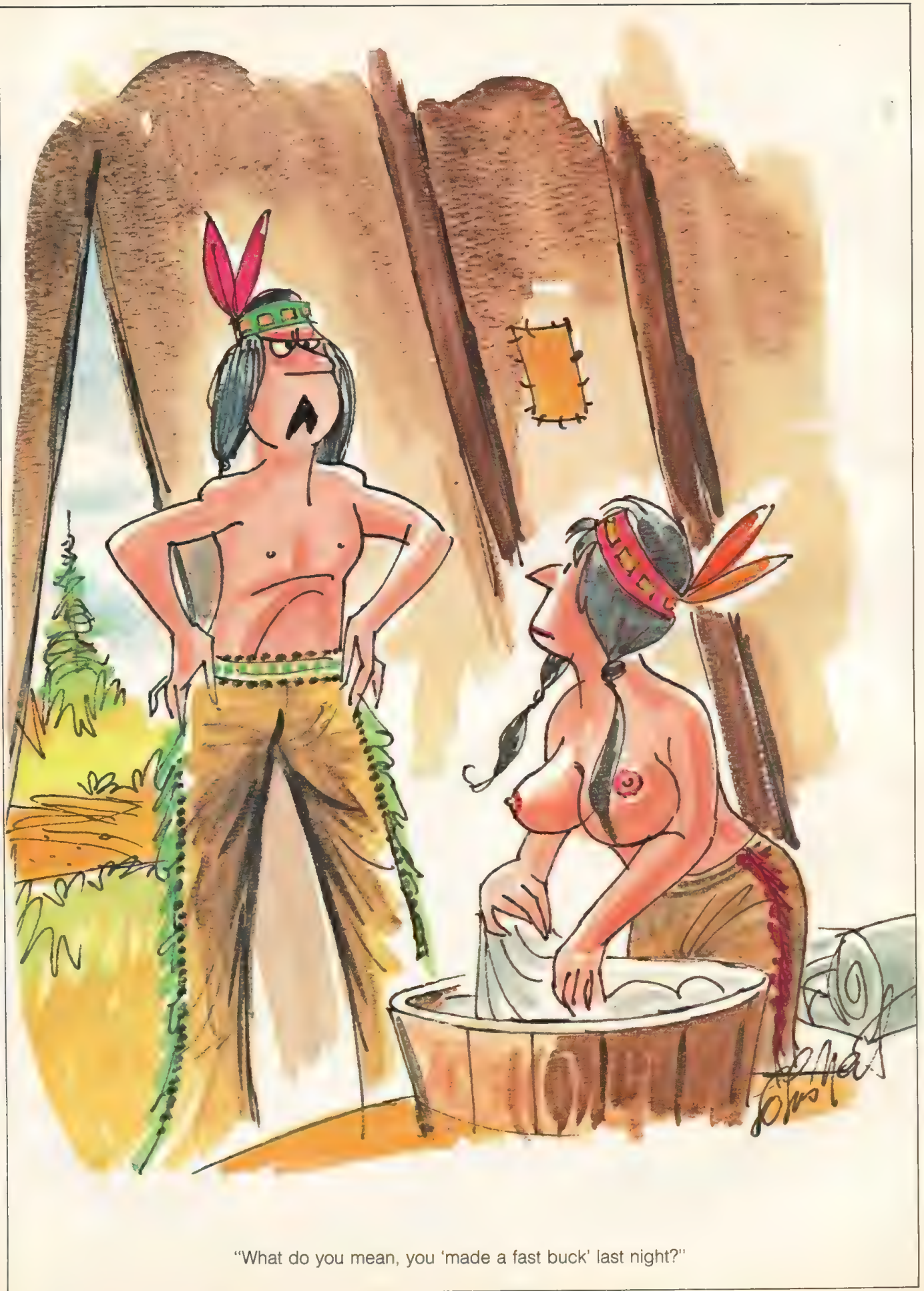
"No—it's Gloria Slade."

Sam weathered the tirade that followed, and the next day he was talking with his friend Hank at work, telling about the hard time his wife was giving him.

"I'm sure glad I ain't you," said Hank.

"Oh, things ain't so bad. She suspected Linda, Jennifer, and Cynthia—I've got three new prospects."

—Peter A. Johanson
Juneau, Alaska



"What do you mean, you 'made a fast buck' last night?"



MINDY

Mindy says that she loves "elegance" in everything. So she is doing her best to surround herself with elegant things. "I adore elegant antiques inside an elegant home, of course; elegant automobiles, like old Rolls-Royces—the newer models are a bit tacky—with their wonderfully old-timey look; elegant clothes and jewelry; and elegant vacations in elegant places." Naturally, we asked Mindy if her taste for elegance included men. "Oh, yes, of course. The *most* elegant of men are the only ones I feel comfortable with. They must be very sophisticated, polished, well-mannered, and educated. You know what I mean." We do. But there is a serious problem concerning these "*most* elegant of men."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND



We asked Mindy to give us the details of that serious problem. "Well, the most elegant of men are those who are *older* men. Very few younger men—I look upon them as boys, really—have the sort of natural elegance that I look for in a man. But the younger men are more virile—better lovers than most of the older men."

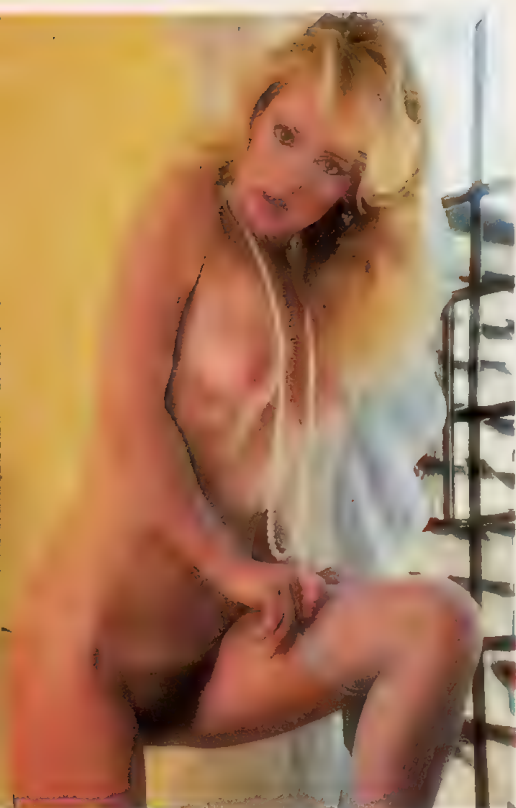
Now, that is a serious problem for any young woman. "I get very depressed thinking about it. The world just isn't fair. The older men have the elegance, the younger men the virility."





Closely related to this problem is the matter of wealth. Mindy is all too aware that not many young men are wealthy. "They can't afford the elegant things I adore, so I have to do what any sensible girl would do: I go out with older men for elegance, and younger men strictly for erotic pleasure. But it has to be the most *elegant* eroticism."





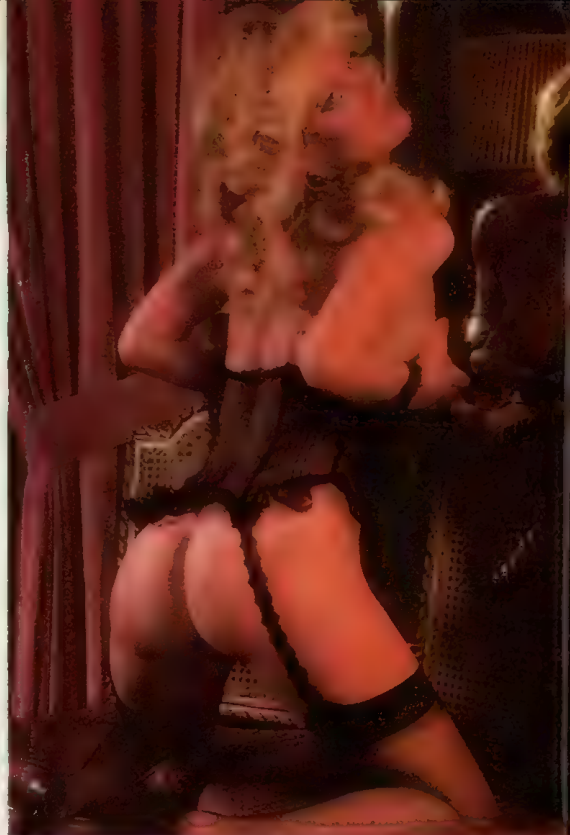
Elegant eroticism? "What I mean is that everything must be perfect in our lovemaking, with the right atmosphere, the right mood. There must be a bed of exactly the right size and firmness. And I must have perfect music."





Anything else? "Yes, even the room temperature has to be conducive to a perfect coming together of our bodies and spirits. I certainly ask a lot from a lover, but I also have a lot to give, since I'm quite uninhibited."

But isn't being uninhibited inelegant? "Yes, and at times I've upset my older lovers by being inelegant in bed, getting all sweaty, biting, scratching, and things. Of course, my younger lovers don't mind my being inelegant." Of course.







Genesis





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Genesis

guide to erotic photography



Two elements of a shooting which require some preparation and study are the girl and the location. Some preliminary work with these elements will pay off and improve the quality of the finished work. Most women have some flaws: a skin blemish, a prominent nose, or even short legs. While it is possible to hide a blemish or "shorten" a nose with makeup, legs present a more difficult problem. But even legs can be made to appear longer if the proper camera angle is selected. Locations should be studied and prepared in advance so that they add to, rather than detract from, the final shots. At the same time, props, such as the girl's clothes, lingerie, and swimsuits can be selected, and altered to fit, if necessary. All of these preparations can be used as an enjoyable and productive way to put your subject at ease, so that she is relaxed during the final shooting. This is also the time to shoot some test shots, such as the portrait on the facing page. One further step is to turn to page 106 for GENESIS's "Friends & Lovers" entry form. With a little preparation, an enjoyable photo session can pay your girl up to \$5,000, and put \$1,000 in your own wallet.

(continued on page 60)

GUIDE TO PHOTOGRAPHY

(continued from page 48)

Coming out of the swimming pool, our model is shot in such a way that this well-planned photograph looks like a candid. Covering her top with one hand just emphasizes Mindy's lush curves and how little that bathing suit actually covers. Photographing under hazy skies, our photographer placed a plain white reflector on the ground between the camera and the model to fill in shadows. This shot was taken on Kodachrome 64 with a Canon F-1 and 50mm lens set at $f/8$.



A relaxed pose such as this is fairly easy to achieve if the photographer gives his model proper direction. In this case, Mindy was caught putting her stockings on. As soon as she had one stocking pulled up, the photographer asked her to stop, glance down, and put her left leg under her right knee. He took about ten shots to get the precise moment when Mindy's legs looked best. For a shot like this, a fill flash was used to balance the light from the windows and eliminate shadows. Shot across the room with the Canon F-1 and a 90mm lens, the exposure was made on Kodachrome 64 at $f/16$ with Vivitar's 5600 Computer Flash.



Our centerfold is a good example of how preparation and attention to detail can result in a perfect picture.

This shot shows off all of Mindy's lush curves in a warm, relaxed setting, making the best possible use of props, lighting, and the model's natural beauty. Her hair and makeup are excellent, without

looking artificial or overdone. The jewelry provides focal points which catch the eye, leading the viewer from her face to her outstretched hand and crimson nails. The lighting used for this shot provides another example of how the viewer's eye can be directed to the important elements of the photo. A strobe light off to the left of the picture illuminates Mindy's shoulder and face. A second strobe to the right illuminates those areas that would otherwise be in deep shadow. The right-hand light emphasizes the crimson of the nail polish and draws the viewer's eye to the smooth skin on Mindy's thigh. Totally erotic, this is an excellent picture that any photographer can be proud of. This shot was taken with a Canon F-1 and 105mm lens set at $f/22$, and recorded on Kodachrome 200.



*T*otally erotic, these pictures of Mindy are technically perfect and any photographer can be proud to display them.



DONNA

What young actress does Donna resemble? If you guessed any one of, say, a half-dozen, you'd be correct. "People keep stopping me on the street, or coming up to me in restaurants, office buildings—just about anyplace—and saying I'm this or that actress or things like, 'Aren't you . . . ?' and then they stop because they aren't sure. They even ask for my autograph, breathless, thinking I'm an actress they like. I stop what I'm doing, smile, and sign my name, because I've found that it's easier than telling them I'm not who they think I am. They get really excited—until they look at the name I've signed. Then they look so disappointed. Sometimes they even get snotty."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALAN WASH



Now and then, Donna told us, she is harassed by autograph seekers and "groupies," which can be unpleasant. "They get a little rough, and the guys aren't above trying to cop a feel if no one is looking or if there are lots of people around and there's a crush." There is one good thing about being mistaken for a movie actress, however, and Donna was eager to talk about it. "I've met a few terrific guys that way. Like, this brute of a guy."





Donna liked the "big brute of a guy" so much that she invited him home after they'd had a drink and gotten acquainted. "I can be very aggressive when I meet a man who turns me on, and this guy made me dizzy. But that was nothing compared to the way he made me feel once we got into my big bed. He was no little boy in the bedroom. He exhausted me; I ached all over the next morning. What a great feeling."







"Since I'm always being *mistaken* for an actress, I figure I ought to take advantage of my appearance and *become* an actress." Donna is now in France, where filming of her first movie recently began.







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friends & lovers

AMATEUR EROTIC PHOTO CONTEST
OVER \$30,000 IN CASH AND PRIZES



COURTNEY W.

27, lab technologist, dancer
Coral Gables, Florida

Photographed by her friend, A. D.

Blue-eyed, blond, beautiful, and bronzed, Courtney says she's only recently become brazen as well. "I still have some old-fashioned ideas," she told us, "but I'd have to be at least a little bit liberal to pose nude." Boy, are we glad! And so is Courtney, since she is this month's contest winner. Turn the page for more about this Dixie vixen.



EVALYN M.

37, housewife
Phoenix, Arizona

Photographed by her husband, Don

Look closely. Fun-loving Evalyn has two tattoos: a butterfly on her left breast and a bee on her left thigh. Why? Maybe because she's left-handed. A lover of the great Southwest, Evalyn says the weather is great because "you can wear next to nothing and nobody cares." Well, we sure do. How else would we have known about the tattoos?

Share the charms of your favorite lady with us. Each entrant whose picture is published in the monthly "Friends & Lovers" section receives \$50, plus a chance to win \$750 as a monthly winner and the \$5,000 Grand Prize. We'll accept any type of photograph, but please send slides for the best quality of reproduction. See contest rules and entry blank on page 106



LEANDRA M.

20, writer
West New York, New Jersey
Photographed by her friend, Derek

This romantic's passion for poetry and long woodland walks has infused her fantasy life with "a mélange of the medieval—knights and white horses, castles and arbors, streams and dark forests." Leandra describes herself as "a shy person, but also an aggressive lover with someone I trust." She prefers a man who is "free-spirited," with "caring hands."



CINDY L.

21, waitress
Berwyn, Illinois

Photographed by her friend, Mark

"I value my independence," says Cindy, "and I'm a hard worker, but I love partying all night long after business has been taken care of." We got very excited when Cindy told us her favorite fantasy is "to make it simultaneously with all the members of Genesis." Then she told us she meant her favorite rock group, *not* your favorite magazine.



JOANNA W.

30, secretary
Niles, Illinois
Photographed by her friend, Al

Born and raised in Poland, Joanna is five foot two and just 99 pounds of fun. This petite blonde likes "disco dancing, traveling, and driving sports cars." Getting out of Poland and adjusting to America, though "a dream come true," must have been tough. Landing a husband—Joanna's next goal—should be a snap.





JOANNE L.

30, dental assistant and mother
Milford, Massachusetts
Photographed by her lover, Makoto

A mother of three, this tiny blonde likes going to her kids' sporting events, but she *loves* Japanese food, jazz, racquetball, and the beach. Her favorite sexual fantasy is very elegant: "I'm sitting on top of a white baby grand piano, listening to my boyfriend play. I'm wearing nothing but a black tuxedo jacket." Play it again, Sam.



LYNN W.

25, housewife and mother
East Chicago, Indiana

Photographed by her husband, John

Painting, dancing, and listening to music are all favorite pastimes, but Lynn loves sex best. She loves to give "fantastic head," and she loves "going to nude resorts" because she "loves sex outdoors" (indoors, too, apparently).

Dreaming of becoming a model one day, Lynn says, "Modeling is sexy and exciting." We couldn't agree more.



WINK C.

35, sculptor
Greenville, South Carolina
Photographed by her husband, Dan

Ooh, la-la. Wink is *très* French, so she reminds us that "love and sex language is universal," adding: "I have dedicated my life to make my lovers (and above all, my husband) turned on, fulfilling for every man the most erotic fantasies. I love beauty, female and male bodies (in that order), and everything that pleases my eyes." At 37-24-36, Wink certainly pleased our judges' eyes.



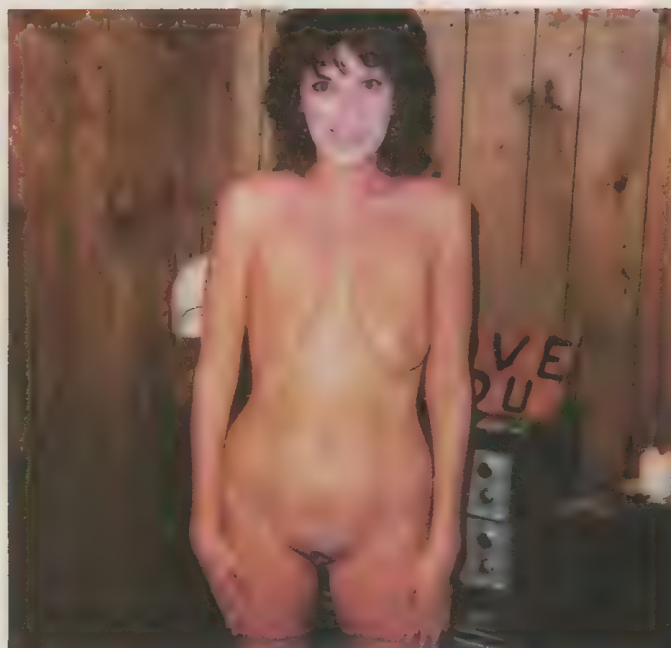
ELLEN C.

18, student

Boone, North Carolina

Photographed by her lover, Brian

Five foot nine and a spectacular 37-26-37, this lovely coed plans to go into advertising or journalism. She hates fakes, because "I am a very open person." We believe her, too, because her fantasies of making love in public are something she and her lover "try to live out—often."

**TERESA F.**

31, laboratory technician

Las Vegas, Nevada

Photographed by her husband, Paul

Basically modest, Teresa says, even so, "I like to please my husband by dressing up very sexy when we go out." She also told us her favorite fantasy "was to join the Mile High Club with my husband in a small aircraft." She's working on another favorite fantasy now. And so are we.

CHERYL B.

24, secretary

Lumberton, Texas

Photographed by her lover, Donald

An erotic mix of Chippewa, Cree, and French Canadian, Cheryl is fond of "skiing, sunbathing, and making love to someone special." Still, she wonders what it would be like to "make it in a cockpit, maybe with a group of people of both sexes." Sounds like she lives dangerously, head in the clouds, right? Actually, Cheryl plans "to finish school and become a very prosperous C.P.A."

friends & lovers

FRIENDS & LOVERS MONTHLY WINNER



COURTNEY WHITE

CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA

When we think of Florida, we think of oranges, sunshine, and hurricanes. When we met Courtney, it was more of the same: sweet and healthy, bright and bouncy, in a hurry. Managing a laboratory for a group of physicians takes up her days, but not her energy, because nights, Courtney dances away at a local nightclub. "I love Florida," she bubbled, "and how you can run around in very few clothes. Everyone looks so healthy with a tan, and since you do wear so little, most people try to stay in good shape." At five foot three and 102 pounds dripping wet, Courtney keeps her 34½-25-34½ figure in very good shape.

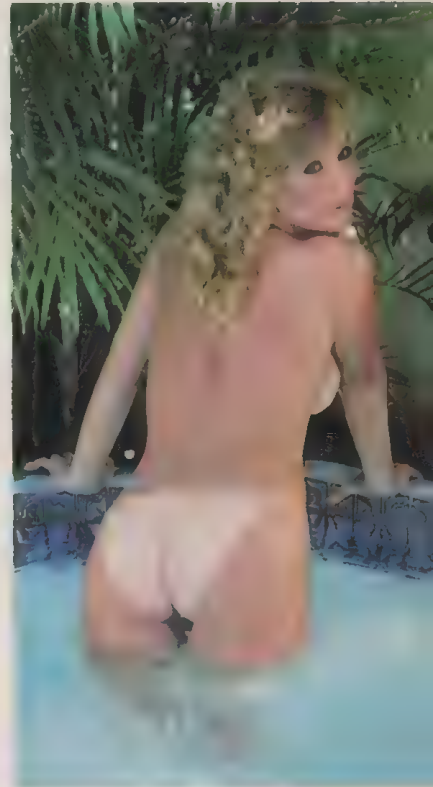
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK PAPPAS



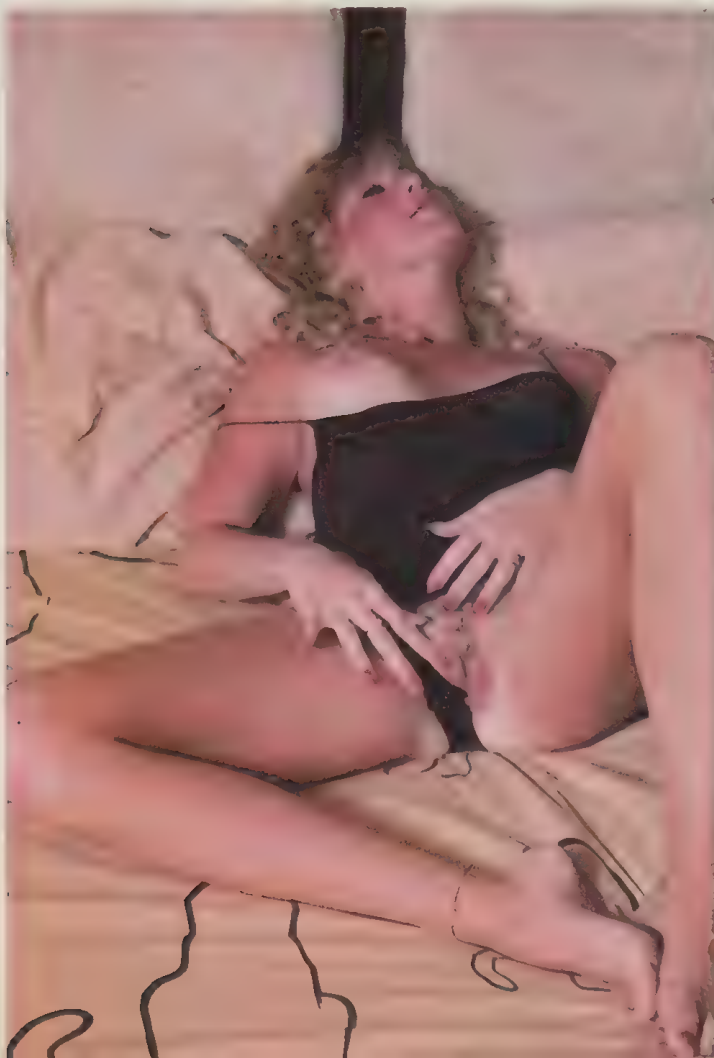


Getting her head in shape was more troubling. "I used to be a very inhibited girl," she says, "and posing has helped me come out of my shell." Well, yeah—posing.



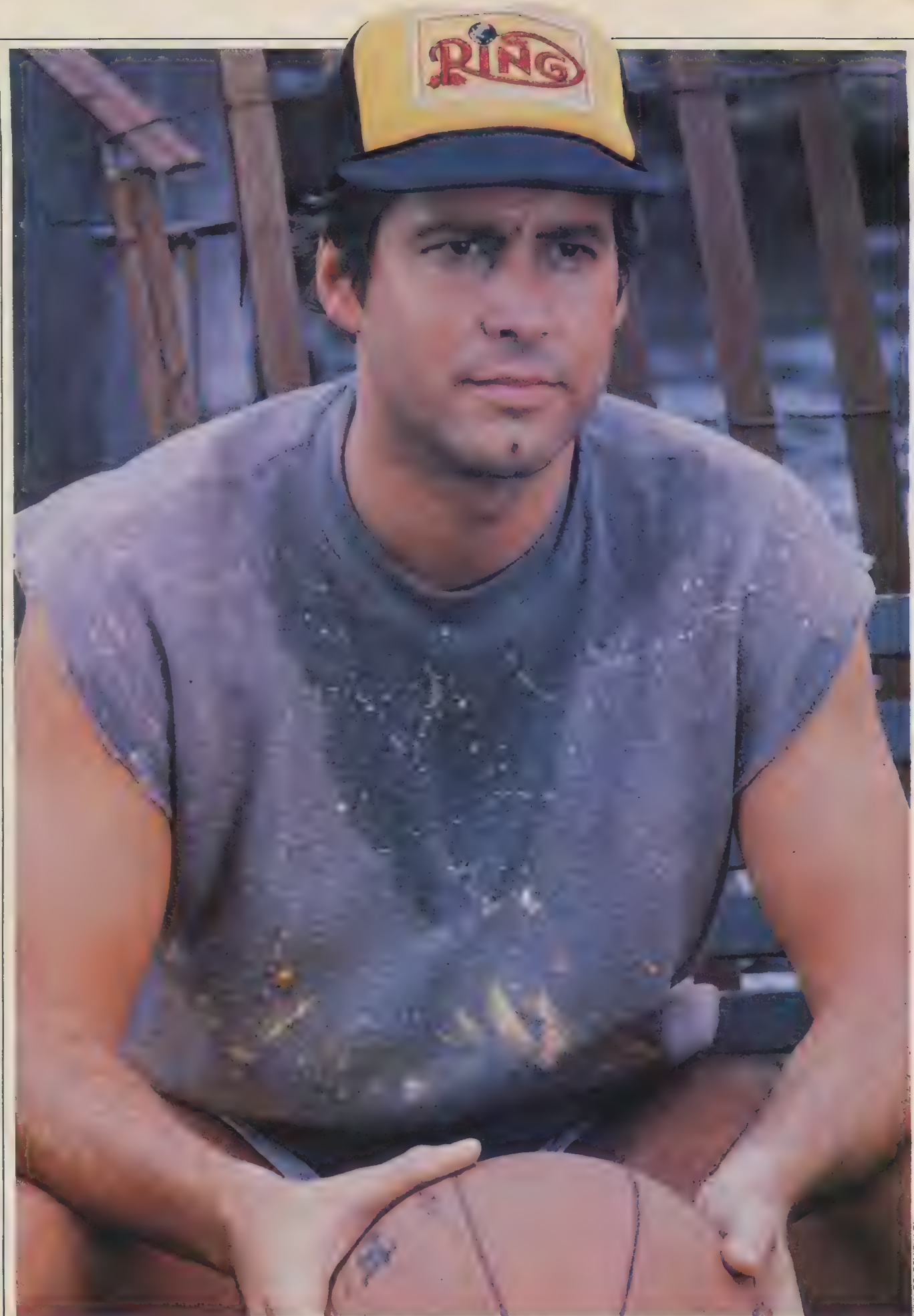


But surely she realizes that lots of horny guys will be looking at her layout with lust in their hearts (and elsewhere)? "Listen," she says, "if it makes *anyone* out there happy to look at my pictures, then I'm happy, too."



Courtney likes all kinds of sports and all kinds of food, but she can't abide people who are cruel to animals or who have to be high to have a good time. So what's a good time? "Oh, I do this a lot," she relates. "I prepare a candlelit dinner for my lover and dress up in a sexy dress with a garter belt and stockings. Afterwards, we both take a bubble bath by candlelight, followed by a rubdown. Then we'll watch a few good erotic movies, over a bottle of champagne. You guess the end." O.K., but what do we get if we get it right?





LYNN GOLDSMITH/LGI

photo/interview

By JAMES VERNIERE

CHEVY CHASE

Among the younger comedians, Chevy Chase is unique. While Steve Martin can be described as a "regular guy" gone berserk, and Robin Williams seems to be a product of an alien genetic code, Chevy is, well, Chevy Chase. He made this point quite forcefully as the "Weekend Update" anchorman on Saturday Night Live when he introduced himself by saying, "I'm Chevy Chase, and you're not."

Born in New York City, Chase has a family background that is pure American Gothic. His mother should have inherited the family fortune, made in plumbing fixtures, but the estate went to charity. Chase's father, Edward Tinsley (Ned) Chase, is a New York Times editor, and his great-great-grandfather was a scientist who introduced nitroglycerine to the American West.

As if there were not enough pressure to succeed from his predecessors, Chase also has a sister who was the youngest valedictorian in the history of Princeton, and a brother who is a successful Manhattan lawyer. "You could say that I'm the least successful but the most famous in my family," he says, deadpan.

Chase was a problem student at some of the country's most exclusive schools. He attended Dalton and Riverdale in New York City before enrolling at Haverford College as a premed student (he either flunked out, was thrown out, or quit, depending on your source), then Bard College, where he met Ken Shapiro (who subsequently directed



him in *Modern Problems*).

With Shapiro and Lane Sarason, Chase wrote and performed material for a New York underground revue called Channel One, which later became the basis for the film *The Groove Tube*. At the same time, Chase formed a jazz band (he plays drums and piano), which featured an aspiring actress named Blythe Danner on vocals.

After graduating from Bard,

Chase attended New York University and Columbia University, where he studied everything from film production to journalism. He also co-authored a spoof of rock-concert fans that was produced off-Broadway as National Lampoon's *Lemmings*.

While working with the National Lampoon crowd, Chase first met future collaborators John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, and Gilda Radner. But the

connection was not completed until Chase met Saturday Night Live producer Lorne Michaels, while the two were waiting in line in Los Angeles to see a movie.

The rest is, as they say, history. First aired almost ten years ago, Saturday Night Live introduced to the world the talents of performers like Chase, Belushi, Aykroyd, Radner, and Bill Murray.

What happened to Chevy Chase after he established himself as the hottest star on the show is the stuff of Hollywood myth. He was the first to defect to the film medium, probably because he was the most obvious movie-star material: tall, oddly good-looking, nonethnic, with an attractive voice and an established following.

The result was either a sell-out or a serious compromise. Chase lost many of his original fans ("I guess I had to find a new audience"), who were disillusioned to hear their favorite maniac mouthing lines written by Neil Simon, and he was roundly criticized by the remaining SNL crew, although Belushi, Aykroyd, Radner, and Murray eventually followed him to Tinseltown.

What followed for Chase was a crash course in self-destruction. He drank too much (ballooning from a trim 190 pounds to 220), lost a best friend (Animal House writer and producer Doug Kenney, who died in an accident), ended a sixteen-month marriage to actress Jacqueline Carlin, and made a few bad movies.

But all that is in the past, and the new Chevy Chase has



"I'm Chevy Chase, and you're not."

settled down. During our interview in Manhattan's Regency Hotel, he is calm and charming, in contrast to the fretful self he displayed in an interview two years earlier, when he was going through a painful separation.

He currently lives in Pacific Palisades, California, with his wife, Jayni, and their newborn daughter, Cydney, whose birth triggered the development of a new side to Chase's character: the doting father. Yet there's no denying he is still Chevy Chase, and we're not.

GENESIS: Do you enjoy doing interviews?

Chase: Well, they're part of this business, and sometimes they're fun, although once I remember that the *National Enquirer* printed an entire interview with me and my former wife that had never been given—quotes and everything. Very strange. And once, when I was doing *Under the Rainbow* with Carrie Fisher, who was, at the time, Paul Simon's girlfriend, they wrote a story about how Carrie and I were going out on candlelit dinners, which was just bullshit. How can they get away with it?

GENESIS: Actually, it was in the *Enquirer* that the birth of your daughter, Cydney, was first announced to the public. Why did you name her Cydney?

Chase: We didn't think Roscoe would work.

GENESIS: You could have upgraded the family image and named her Mercedes.

Chase: Very funny. Actually, we went through a lot of names, and thought that Cydney was perfect for her. I mean it's like asking, "Why Chevy?" Well, Grandma just thought it was cute.

GENESIS: Has fatherhood changed you?

Chase: Yes, I—uh—can't get it up. No. What it did, first of all, was put me back on a normal schedule, which is healthier. One of the more remarkable changes is that I see life through her eyes. One tends to forget one's childhood experiences. We get older and jaded. Now I'm noticing trees and colors, things I took for granted that are new to her.

GENESIS: Were you funny as a child?

Chase: I don't remember my infancy, but I probably was, since my dad and my brother were both very funny.

GENESIS: Do you remember the first time you made your family laugh?

Chase: Yes, it was when I emerged from the womb. There was a great deal of hysterics. And then in elementary school, I was always somewhat rebellious. I didn't like authority much, especially when it was just bullshit. I remember standing up in math class and apologizing to the class for my behavior, giving a long, articulate speech: "I'd

like to take this opportunity on behalf of Miss Nooney and my classmates to apologize for my despicable behavior . . ." then I got kicked out right in the middle of my speech. I used to hear the same lines all the time: "Mr. Chase, there are students here who would like to learn." None of them wanted to learn. They all wanted to have fun and laugh.

GENESIS: There are still stories circulating at Dalton about your behavior while you were a student.

Chase: Oh, well, they make things up now. There are stories at Haverford that are just not true. I don't know what the legends at Dalton are, but I did do a few things.

GENESIS: What kind of school was Dalton?

Chase: All black, but they've repainted. My classmates were from very well-to-do families, and at that time my family was well off, which was an on-and-off kind of thing because my mother was adopted by a plumbing magnate but subsequently dropped from the will. But when we had the money, we went to good schools. But I didn't like school. In fact, I was once put back a grade for fighting. I bit another student who had pulled my hair. I was in the second grade. They put me back in the first until I had written, a hundred times, *I will never bite anybody*. I saw the guy about twenty years later. He really has a scar on his arm

where I took a chunk out. He was Jewish, so I guess it was kosher.

GENESIS: Were you ever kicked out of a school?

Chase: Yes, I was kicked out of Riverdale after two years. It was an all-boys school with stuffy teachers, jackets, chapel—things I didn't go for. There were bullies, and I was a pubescent, awkward kid. I was kicked out for bad behavior, but I remember once getting suspended after I pulled a paratrooper knife on one bully who was always beating me up. I finally grew several inches after I turned fifteen.

GENESIS: What kind of behavior—besides pulling a knife on a classmate—got you in trouble in school?

Chase: Oh, standard things like arranging with everyone in study hall to cough at a prescribed time. That used to shake up the study-hall master.

GENESIS: Did you do any better at college?

Chase: Well, first I went to Haverford as a premed student, but the chemistry got to me, so I was released after a year there. My grades were okay, but there was a dean there—a guy with an awful twitch—and I think because of my shenanigans at the Bryn Mawr maypole celebration, and a few other things, he released me. It was one of those things with conditions. You know, for a year you're supposed either to see a shrink or go to another school, and then you can come back. It really wasn't fair. I'm sure it was the result of a food fight. Somebody was running after me with a piece of pie. He threw it. I ducked, and it hit the college president right on the suit. So after that, I went to Bard College, which was coed, and it made me a lot happier. I also changed my major to American literature, and I lasted to graduation.

GENESIS: Do you ever try to analyze why you're popular with young audiences? Are you a role model? A sex symbol?

Chase: I really don't know how anybody knows he has a following. I guess if there is a following, it's probably because of the *Saturday Night Live* stuff. The physical humor I do is pretty universal, not

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CHEVY CHASE

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too intellectual. It's a surprise. It makes you laugh, and it's easier than, say, the stuff in *The Man with Two Brains*. And I feel for Steve Martin, because he's really tried some tough, interesting things. But he lost some of the young audience because the film is a bit too cerebral. Perhaps that's a problem. I don't know. I thought that *Pennies from Heaven* was very ambitious. He took some real chances. But I guess in some ways it's hurt him.

GENESIS: Have you heard that Bill Murray is doing a remake of *The Razor's Edge*, in the role Tyrone Power played in the original?

Chase: It's risky for him, because his skin isn't that

"I've been in a lot of fights. I have scars on my back from knife wounds."

good. . . . No, Bill's a good actor and a good friend, and I think he can probably do it. I think that *Deal of the Century* is a stretch for me, because I have to act and work with a director like William Friedkin. It's a stretch because it's not broad comedy. *National Lampoon's Vacation* is about as broad as I'll ever be. *Deal of the Century* is a black comedy. It's realistic. It's about an inept arms dealer.

GENESIS: Do you think today's audiences will respond to a film that satirizes the arms race?

Chase: Only the twenty-six-year-olds. I don't know. When I was thirteen years old, I was aware of politics and world events. I think that kids nowadays are probably not getting as good an education. Most of them can't write for shit. I get letters from eighteen-year-olds who sound like four-year-olds. It's incredible. People can't read, even college stu-

dents. The point is that *Deal of the Century* is sort of like *Dr. Strangelove*. It has a political undercurrent, but it's also entertaining. The only difference is that Peter Sellers isn't in this, as far as we know.

GENESIS: Does being very intelligent help you to be funny?

Chase: If you define humor as perspective, simply as a sense of priorities, then obviously the more you read, the more you expand your knowledge, the better your chances of making funny connections. Intelligence gives you a way to evaluate life. It helps if there's a sense of humor in your family, to grow up around funny people.

GENESIS: Has there ever been a time when being funny wasn't fun? When you took it too far and got yourself in trouble?

Chase: There were a couple of times on *Saturday Night Live*. Once, a performer had died whose name on the show was Professor Backwards, and he had this act. He could say and spell any word backwards. So we did an "Update" on him, and the joke was that he had been murdered and that his last words were "Pleh, pleh."⁴ I did it over the air, and I got a couple of letters about it. I never even knew this guy existed. I thought the whole thing was a joke. It is hilarious, of course, but it was in bad taste. On another occasion, we did a bit about the Claudine Longet Open Invitational Ski Championship which was in questionable taste. But on a more serious note, I remember asking Jack Ford if his father, President Ford, minded the jokes I did about his falling down. Well, Jack told me that sometimes the jokes hurt his feelings, and I remember feeling very bad about it.

GENESIS: A while back, you made a crack about Cary Grant's sexuality on the *Tom Snyder Show*. Was that another example of taking humor too far?

Chase: Did you think I didn't know that's what you were asking about? The problem with talking about that is, it's still in litigation. It's been more than two years. I just saw him at a recent deposition. He's still funny; he looks great; he's . . . Cary Grant. I can't tell you anything that was said, or

whether or not it's going to be settled. I just can't comment. I did say to my attorney that in retrospect I shouldn't have said that, because it's been such a pain in the neck. It was a joke, but if it hurts someone's feelings, I don't like it. That's not what I'm out to do. That's why I can't take Joan Rivers. It's just so dumb and so cheap, picking on Elizabeth Taylor.

GENESIS: Is it true that you and Bill Murray exchanged blows when you hosted a *Saturday Night Live* after you had left to make movies?

Chase: That's an old story, and it was never a serious thing. Apparently, John Belushi had started some trouble. He'd told Bill that I had made some nasty comments or something. What happened was, I went back to his dressing room to confront Bill, and Belushi was there, standing in the doorway between us, and we did throw a couple of punches, but they all landed on John, who was like this tree in the doorway.

GENESIS: Are you a brawler?

Chase: Well, I don't back down. I grew up in East Harlem. I've been in a lot of fights. I even have scars on my back from knife wounds.

GENESIS: Are you serious?

Chase: Yes, my family lived in East Harlem for a while, which was a tough neighborhood. Look, you can see the scars [*lifting the back of his Hawaiian shirt, revealing three puckered scars*]. You get the scars on your back by running away.

GENESIS: So you're not just a rich kid.

Chase: No, as I said, the money thing was on and off with my family. If I am privileged, it is because my father and mother had a good education, and so did I.

GENESIS: Since you started your career as a writer, it is odd that you haven't written your own film scripts.

Chase: I have three scripts at home. I just started another one, but I've never gotten around to completing them to my satisfaction, mostly because I've been making movies—and it takes a great deal of time to do that—and also because I've just become a father.

GENESIS: Have you found an

entirely new audience since starting your film career?

Chase: I couldn't know that.

GENESIS: Two years ago, you were very conscious of criticisms that suggested your films were disappointing to those who had become fans of your *Saturday Night Live* performances.

Chase: That may have been

"Film and television are different media, and I can't please everybody."

because I was reading criticism of that nature, and because I was probably not very happy in my life and more paranoid at the time. Now I am happier, and I can understand that kind of criticism. But film and television are different media, and I can't please everybody, although perhaps I have made some mistakes about the films I've chosen to make. Now that I have a family, I'll probably be more careful, and now that I'm more comfortable and confident, I'll work with more challenging parts.

GENESIS: Are you concerned about drug humor in your films?

Chase: Yeah, I am. I think it's got to stop. There's only one reference in *Vacation*, and I wrote it so that no one smokes it. The period when dope was glorified is over, and it's incumbent upon public figures to make a good example. The fact of the matter is that we lost Belushi and a number of others to drugs. And I've noticed high-school kids going to school high, and it's a crucial time for concentration, for learning, and for growing. They're ruining their futures.

GENESIS: Would it be safe to say that Chevy Chase has found peace of mind?

Chase: Yes—now, if only I could find another piece. I know it's around here somewhere. □

sexstyles

HOT FLASHES

The fringe benefits are the reason some people marry their jobs. When the benefits include a fantastic sex life, it leads to lifetime devotion and contentment.

As soon as I was graduated from college, I got married. But I married my work. The only occupation that interested me was journalism. It was my college major, and I went straight from graduation to a job on a small-town newspaper.

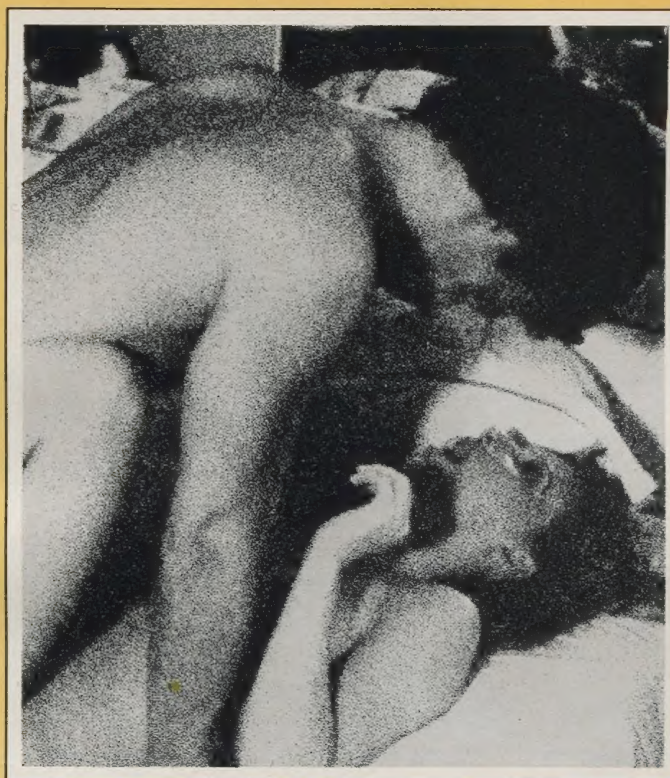
Over the next three years, I moved to a small city in the Midwest. At the same time, my free-lance work was also picking up. Last January, I finally decided I could make it on my own, strictly free-lance. No nine-to-five. No office. No boss.

My friends called me a workaholic. They said I put too much emphasis on my work. You have no personal life, they told me. No husband. What my friends failed to realize was that I didn't want a husband. And my personal life was fantastic, thank you, but none of their business. My work now involves lots of travel. I do investment reporting for a stock brokerage, and I travel across the country and overseas.

Last spring, in Houston, I was covering a shareholders' meeting of a small oil company. This company is small only in the comparative sense. Their net income last year was close to \$95 million. The meeting promised to be a lively one.

I set up an interview with Roger, the vice-president in charge of overseas operations. Roger had a tendency to pull the interview away from the point. It took real effort to keep him on the subject. While I was questioning him, during a heated exchange, I found myself becoming really turned on. Perspiration made my skin glow with warmth. I had the urge to feel him, to feel the hardness of his thighs, to have him unbutton my blouse.

I continued a tough line of questions, but when I finally got the information I wanted, I tried to see if I could get what I was eager for. Our conversation turned gradually; there was more



eye contact and innocent flirting. I crossed my legs to expose my thighs.

Roger seemed to grow interested. He moved closer to me; his hands touched me as he leaned slightly forward to laugh at something I said. Then his left hand ran over my knee and up my thigh. There was a moment's silence, to see if we'd interpreted each other's signals correctly. I had. I told him to lock the door.

It was a small conference room. A polished oak table surrounded by ten cushioned chairs. The floors were covered with a thick pile carpeting, deep rose. And Roger had left word that we were not to be disturbed.

He came back from the door and took my hand, helping me to my feet and out of my shoes. I was suddenly a few more inches shorter than Roger than I had been before. My hands slipped inside

his suit jacket, pushing it off his arms. I unbuttoned his shirt and pressed against the hardness of his tanned body.

He turned my head up to kiss me while his hands pulled my blouse above my breasts, unsnapped my bra, and squeezed my nipples between his thumb and forefinger. His touch was new, different, and the excitement of being with a new man turned the pain into arousal.

I could feel his cock pushing into my abdomen. Placing my hands over his crotch, I stroked his prick through his pants, pressing more tightly over the head. His hard erection felt long and thick, and I could feel his pulse throbbing in it.

Roger turned me around, lifted my skirt, and pulled my stockings and panties down to my ankles. Bending me over the table, he cupped my pussy from behind, stroking my clit, then slipping a finger between the lips, working in and out until my juices flooded his hand and I was slick with heat.

The sound of his zipper coming down made me realize how

I stroked him through his pants, pressing tightly, and could feel his pulse throbbing.

vulnerable I was. His aura of power and authority had turned me on, and I felt so wonderfully slutty. I was bent over this conference table, my skirt up over my head, my blouse and bra yanked over my tits, and my pants and stockings around one ankle. It was the irresistible attraction of every woman's seduction fantasy.

Roger's cock pushed between my buttocks, but he stopped there, throbbing—his hands working on my breasts, caressing me, massaging my nipples. For a moment, I panicked, expecting him to ram his cock into my ass. Spreading my legs apart, I bent over further, offering my wide-open cunt, flowing with heat. His prick slid down my ass and rubbed against my dripping lips. He took his prick in one hand and worked himself between the lips. When the huge cock head was enveloped in my slippery lips, he grasped me by the hips. I

Driven forward, I held on with both hands and felt the wonderful surge of his semen pouring into me just as I moaned in ecstasy.

Roger's spent cock kept driving into my pussy, his erection staying hard even after he'd come.

Sprawled on the conference table, I could see my breath leaving a dull oval on the wood's polished surface. I felt very satisfied, and my pussy was still pulsing with aftershocks.

Sexual surprises thrill me. In the heat of a brand-new relationship, I find that most men love to do the unexpected, the lavish. Their creativity can be as sexually stimulating as their lust, which makes a brief encounter all the greater.

Jerry and I met at a press party in Richmond. He was a regional sales supervisor for a new real-estate corporation. Their lavish spending had stirred rumors that the company was being bankrolled by a Saudi Arabian, and I picked up a story.

Jerry, in the meantime, picked me up. He was about five-nine and wore a sweater and pleated pants; the look was that of a rising executive.

The lacy edges of my slip were visible through the sheer fabric of my dress, and Jerry soon took more than a casual interest in my tits. He led me to a corner of the room and immediately switched the conversation from business to more personal topics. His hand remained on my arm, holding the position with which he'd steered me out of the crowd. Dinner was being served after the conference, but Jerry informed me there wouldn't be any dessert. He invited me to a treat afterward, and I accepted. As soon as the dinner was over, Jerry took me out the side door, across the street to a hotel, through the lobby, and to the elevators. For dessert he'd had room service deliver a bowl with fresh strawberries; it was waiting for us in his hotel room. Beside the ripe berries was a pitcher of whipped cream. We sat on the comforter at the foot of the king-size bed.

Jerry took one of the large strawberries from the bowl and dipped it into the thick cream. He fed it to me, catching dripping cream in his palm. The inside of the strawberry was soft and sweet, pink and moist with freshness; its taste and texture were sinfully exotic.

Jerry unbuttoned my dress, while still feeding me strawberries, and lowered my top to my waist. He fingered my nipples until they popped into erections. Picking a strawberry up in his mouth, he offered it to me. I bit half of it, tonguing my way closer to him, his tongue tasting of strawberries. He fed me another strawberry, then eased me down on the bed. He picked up the pitcher of warm cream and splashed a gob of cream onto my tits. Before the thick cream slipped away, he soaked it up with another large berry, then popped it into his mouth.

He dropped more cream onto each of my nipples and sucked it off. The cream left my breasts glowing with moisture. I sat up and pulled off his sweater, then unbuttoned his shirt while his hands cupped and squeezed my tits. His body was hard and compact. My hands traveled from his shoulders across his chest to his flat stomach. I didn't want to stop. Unbelting his pants, I reached into his underwear and pulled his cock free. With my hand grasping his shaft, I could feel his pulse beating. I helped him out of his pants and then pulled him onto the bed toward me.

He was on his back, his veined cock standing thick and hard. Coming to my knees, I slipped off my dress and started



knew he was going to take me in one long stroke, and I bit my hand, because I knew what would come.

The thrust of his thick, veined cock slid into me like a burning rod, humping me forward, driving my thighs into the conference table. He had a firm hold on my hips as he stroked back and forth, never entering me too far, but timing his penetrations perfectly. Each time his cock pushed through the taut folds of my pussy, he gasped. His body felt strong and hard behind me, and he reached one hand between my legs, squeezing my clit while his cock rammed into me.

I tossed my head back and forth with passion. I could feel my hair coming loose, flailing over my shoulders as Roger's abdomen smacked audibly into my ass with each stroke. "Harder," I gasped. "As hard as you can. I'm ready. I'm coming." I could feel him holding back, driving me as long as he could. My clit was bulging; it felt ready to explode.

Roger lengthened his strokes, faster, harder, grunting as he drove into me, wedging me into the table.

My moans increased to muffled cries. I bucked wildly and collapsed on top of him.

to lie back beside him, but he took my hands and had me mount him.

With my knees spread wide to straddle his thighs, he opened my wet pussy with his fingertips, and I felt my juice flow out of me. He eased my hips downward and rubbed the head of his thick penis against my cunt, not penetrating, just spreading my labia. By the time he slipped his cock into me, I was ready to come.

Jerry stroked expertly, thrusting to the hilt, stretching me hotly with his thick prick. He fondled my breasts, gripping me when my moans increased to muffled cries. I bucked wildly as my orgasm shot through me, and collapsed on top of him, my nipples pressing against his muscular chest.

Jerry held his erection inside me, but I could feel him throbbing against the walls of my pussy. His hands grasped my ass as he whispered to me, "I want you to come again."

I eased off him and rolled to the foot of the bed. Finding the biggest strawberry left, I dipped it in the heavy cream, then slipped it into my pussy. Jerry smiled as I positioned myself over his face, with the berry inside my cunt. "Dessert," I chuckled, dropping my cream-coated pussy onto his mouth.

Jerry's tongue lapped into me, slipping through my pussy lips to suck the dripping strawberry into his mouth. He chewed it softly, keeping his mouth against my clit. "Best dessert ever," he said, swallowing and then tonguing my pussy again. His mouth and tongue worked to keep my clit pulsing, first sucking my entire cunt, then concentrating on my clit with the probing tip of his tongue.

"Now," I moaned, lifting my pussy from his mouth. "Fuck me. I want you back in me now."

His arms wrapped around my lower back as he rolled on top of me. He slid his cock into me and thrust deep, working back and forth in a deliberate motion that had me coming again. I was getting very noisy when his fingers dug into my ass, pulling me even more tightly against him, and his come jetted into my pussy in seemingly endless wads.

Even after he'd come, his cock stayed rigid in me. I could still feel it pulse, slowing gradually as we went limp.

Neither of us had any interest in leaving, so we slid under the covers to spend the night. Why not? The room was paid for, and breakfast was waiting for us at the foot of the bed.

Some of my one-shot lovers have been more flamboyant than any full-time lover could ever hope to be. Being taken to such lavish extremes is one of my ultimate sexual turn-ons. Like living a fantasy, it's a chapter of storybook romance come true.

Dan was the most flamboyant. He could afford to be. At twenty-nine, he owned his own computer software company. He had become a multimillionaire in less than four years.

I flew to Columbus, Ohio, with an appointment to interview Dan for a national business magazine. I expected to be met by an assistant in the terminal, but Dan met me himself. It was his day off, he explained. His face was boyishly handsome, and he had a killer smile of white teeth. He kept smiling that Dentyne smile as he escorted me to the parking lot. The flow of conversation between us was as easy as that of old friends. In ten minutes, I felt like I'd known him for years. The Porsche Targa was blood-red, and the ride down the straight road away from the airport felt like we were flying. He asked if I'd had lunch and, if not, what would I like?

I shivered from the chill in the air and said, "Anything warm." He downshifted, swung the Porsche into a U-turn, and headed

back to the airport. When I asked where we were going, Dan answered, "Someplace warm."

He drove directly onto the field to a silver-and-black Learjet. Out of the car and into the jet we went. Dan said his company was leasing the plane for the next six months to see if they wanted to buy it. The pilot quickly got clearance, and we were in the air, climbing. It would be three hours until we landed, so Dan suggested we do the interview and have a snack in the air so the rest of the day would be free. We did, and the plane was on its descent as I finished the last question.

We landed in Key West, Florida, which would have been good enough. It was hot and sunny, with only a few puffy white clouds lying across the bright blue water. We took a short jeep ride to board a seaplane. Dan slid into the pilot's seat; he was obviously an experienced pilot.



Dan flew low, a few hundred feet above the water, and when we had almost reached a tiny island, he said it was time to dump the real world. He pulled off his sweater and shirt and threw them over his shoulder. No need for them where we're going, he told me.

Then he helped me out of my blouse, pulling it from the waistband of my skirt. His hands were busy caressing my breasts as he unhooked my bra and slipped it off.

My nipples felt full and soft in the heat. Dan took them into his lips and lightly sucked them.

He told me to throw my blouse and bra into the back seat, and I felt a wonderful freedom as I tossed my clothes over my head.

By the time the plane skidded to a stop in the water minutes later, Dan and I were both bare-assed naked. Our clothes were heaped in the back of the plane. When the propeller coughed to a stop, Dan anchored the plane in about fifteen feet of water. He opened the door all the way and held out his

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SEXSTYLES

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arm as we climbed onto the plane's floats. His long cock was hard, but its weight kept it dangling.

I jumped feet first from the plane, splashing into the warm sea. It had been years since I'd swum nude, and being wrapped in all that silky-feeling water felt fantastic. Dan hopped into the water just behind me. He swam close and fondled my breasts as we floated.

In the crystal-clear water, I could see Dan's hard-on jutting out. Taking a deep breath, I dove down, feeling for his cock as I kept my eyes closed.

Dan let himself drop toward the bottom as I took his hard prick in my hands and sucked his cock head. When he started to run out of air, he urged me upward.

We swam easily to the shore. It was a wide stretch of deserted white sand. We stepped onto the beach, and Dan led me through a grove of palm trees to a clearing with a small beach house. The white stucco walls, flat roof, and wide porch looked inviting. The front door was unlocked, and we walked into a cool, tiled living room. Still wet, we sprawled on the sofa, and I welcomed his fingers sliding in between my thighs. My pussy was still damp from the water as Dan's fingers spread my labia. Gent-

ly, he pushed his middle finger deep into my eager cunt. He rubbed my clit expertly, and I spread my legs wide, wanting him. I reached for his hard cock, stroking my fingers up and down his shaft, teasing his cock head with each touch. His salty lips covered mine, and his tongue slid into my mouth, thrusting deeply to meet mine. My arousal drove the breath from my lungs, and I gasped. My hand flashed excitedly over Dan's cock, but he shifted position, taking his erection out of my reach as his lips moved down my throat, licking my neck, then sucking my nipples, drawing them into his mouth, closing his teeth gently around them. His hands kneaded my tits as his mouth slipped across my stomach and into my bush.

With an easy thrust, his lips circled my wet pussy, and his long tongue slipped between my inner lips, reaching into me deeply. He was fucking me with his long, thick tongue, applying firm pressure on my clit, driving it into my pussy like a wet, wiggling cock.

My mind was fogged. I felt as if I were floating in space. I rolled off the edge of the sofa, but Dan caught me in his arms and set me down easily on the tile floor. Face down, sprawled on the warm tile, I felt a sticky dampness between my naked body and the floor.

I was so wet, so wide open, that Dan's thick prick drove into me in one stroke.

His cock filled me with a hard pleasure as he stroked all the way in, then pulled all the way back, letting his bulging head spread my labia just a little more than the diameter of his shaft.

His weight forced my tits down against the tile, and as he moved our bodies from side to side, the tiles rubbed my nipples arousingly. Dan had a tight grip on my hips, and his shaft kept pumping into me.

My climax came quickly, but he held me there wonderfully, sending repeated shocks of sexual thrills through my body as he continued his pile-driving strokes.

Dan's ecstatic groans seemed distant; only the pumping of his cock and the swelling surges of his hot semen told me that he was tight against me, his prick stuffing my cunt.

"I don't want to go back," I chuckled in a throaty whisper. And we didn't for three glorious days of sexual delight.

I once told a very married girlfriend about my private sexual life. There was envy in her eyes, and I think she tried desperately to find some way to make me think my lifestyle just couldn't be fulfilling. But all she could manage was, "But all those men were just a flash in the pan." They may have been no more than a flash, but they were *hot* flashes. And I'll take all the hot flashes I can find. □

OFFICIAL MODEL RELEASE FOR 1984 COMPETITION

HOW TO ENTER. Any photographer or model who is over 18 years of age may submit photos with the official entry form/model release. A photographer submitting photos of more than one girl must provide releases signed by each model, and each entry must be mailed separately.

Color prints or slides are acceptable. No negatives, please. Entries become the property of GENESIS and cannot be returned.

PRIZES. Every model whose picture or pictures are published will receive \$50. Her photographer will receive a year's free subscription to GENESIS. There will be monthly contest winners. Each monthly winning model will receive \$750 in cash and will be featured in a full-color pictorial layout by a professional photographer to appear in GENESIS. The talented photographer who submits the photograph of our monthly winner will receive \$250 in cash. The Grand Prize Winner will be picked from among the monthly winners, and will be announced in the July, 1984, GENESIS.

For the most talented photographer: \$1,000 in cash. For the loveliest model: \$5,000 in cash. The Grand Prize Winner will be featured in a full-color pictorial layout by a professional photographer in GENESIS.

The enclosed photograph is of my (friend) (lover) (wife)—Please circle one.

IMPORTANT: On separate paper, write 100 words or less about the model's likes, dislikes, hobbies, etc., that would be of interest to our readers.

I hereby give GENESIS magazine the absolute right and permission to copyright and/or publish, or use photographic portraits or pictures of me, in which I may be included in whole or in part, or composite or distorted in character or form, in conjunction with my own or a fictitious name, or reproductions thereof in color or otherwise, for art, advertising, trade, or any other lawful purpose whatsoever.

I hereby waive any right that I may have to inspect and/or approve the finished product or the copy that may be used in connection therewith, or the use to which it may be applied. I hereby release, discharge, and agree to save GENESIS magazine from any liability by virtue of any use in composite form, whether intentional or otherwise, that may occur or be produced in the publication of said pictures. I understand that editorial copy will accompany these photos.

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE AND THAT I AM POSSESSED OF FULL LEGAL CAPACITY TO EXECUTE THE FOREGOING AUTHORIZATION.

Model's name (print clearly) _____

Address _____

City _____ State & Zip _____

Telephone (include area code) _____

Occupation _____ Age _____

Model's signature _____ Date signed _____

Witness _____

Photographer's name (print clearly) _____

Address _____

City _____ State & Zip _____

Telephone (include area code) _____

I, _____ Photographer's signature

hereby enter the enclosed photographs in GENESIS "Friends & Lovers" contest and consent to GENESIS's use thereof. I understand this offer is void where prohibited by law.

GENESIS MAGAZINE, 770 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10021

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